

shoppinghour

issue 03
the endless carnival

dec 2008



Readers,

The process that has gone into the production of this inaugural issue has quite frankly been blissfully choking. Shoppinghour was originally intended to be a sister zine to Immanuel Can, something that a few friends and I had discovered in the kitchen of one of the halls of residence in New Cross southeast London. Whereas its predecessor had been a senseless collection of full-blown immaturities, its reincarnation, under the guidance of my fellow editor here, Peter Eramian, would look to recruit philosophy students that would write for the more intellectual readership and tastefully synthesize that with the exciting imaginations of the countless talented art students we were constantly coming across. The cheap nihilism of Immanuel Can's prose eventually stagnated as the pressure to produce the zine annihilated any hope of returning to the original motive of pure hilarity. So my zine days were over, or so I thought. Peter seemed to be really getting involved in the production of Shoppinghour. By the time the second issue was complete I was itching, I needed a piece of this.

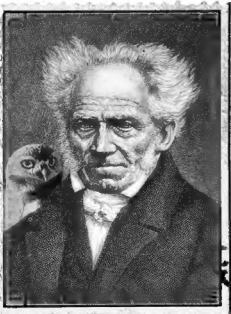
So I have returned for what we now see as the inaugural issue. The issue that celebrates the endless carnival that had always been the original intention. And the last few months have actually been a constant battle between Peter and me, as we relentlessly composed this symphony that both opened and closed, anthemed and whispered. That seeming confrontation, truthfully loving, was the answer. And this is what we are. We want people to laugh and feel really bad about it moments later, as we do. We want people to stare pensively into the literature only to realise that, quite possibly, they are taking themselves too seriously, as we do.

Peter and I unearthed fascinating personalities and what followed was hours of trying to knit the endlessly knotted threads of fine wool into a fabric that would keep you warm. And the result is a combination of the beautifully simple, the aesthetically soothing, the deeply trivial, the academically challenging, the vulgarly anarchic, the richly interesting, the mortally sound, the biting complete, the silent return, the unbearable dedication, the explosive pink, the alluring synth and the stealthy charm of its embroidery, a eulogy to the sublimely unknown, indeed, the sacred unknown, to follow, and finally, a sinister, yet honest, good smile.

All we believe in is the sentimental. And let me assure you, there is a lot of love, carefully embedded, in the pages you are about to view.

With much love and affection,

Yasushi Xavier Tanaka,
Team Shoppinghour



The Contributors

Antonis Balasopoulos teaches at the University of Cyprus. He has taught at the University of California, Santa Cruz and been a research fellow at Princeton University and an Institute Faculty at Dartmouth College. His research interests include utopian literature, geography and the production of space, colonialism and postcoloniality, and visual culture, and his most recent work has turned increasingly toward the question of political theory and philosophy. He also writes creatively on occasion. (<http://radicaldesire.blogspot.com>)

Audun Mortensen. Censored.

Giovanni Lorusso, a philosophy student at Birkbeck, he received his MA in Literature, majoring in cinema theory, from La Sapienza in Rome in 2005, and he graduated with a diploma in Screening, majoring in cinematography and editing, from the Sydney Film School in 2006. His film *Phaedrus* has received several awards including Best Experimental Film at the 2007 ATOM awards. He is currently specialising in portrait photography. (www.k11production.com, www.professionalportrait.co.uk)

Joe Coppard, one third of the Pat And Trevor curatorial collective. Along with lifelong partner Jimmy and the afro glue that is Jack, P&T have graced the Whitechapel Gallery and the ICA with their megalomaniacal love juices and are currently making a legend out of the Sassoon Gallery in Peckham. Also to be heard monthly on South City Radio. (www.thesassoongallery.co.uk)

Lui Nemeth, a student of fine art at Central St.Martins, her body language is obscure yet hilarious. Her main tools are the paint brush and the mouse. She also draws her endless stream of daydreams and takes photos for Tokyo-based Street Magazine on her off days. (web.me.com/lnemeth/)

Luke W Moody, a student of anthropology and media at Goldsmiths, washed up from disillusioned fine art studies and travels. Further washing needed.

Maciej Urbanek, a fine art student at the Royal Academy, he graduated with a BA in Fine Art and History of Art from Goldsmiths in 2007. Maciej is interested in notions of electrobricollage, the problematics of the absence and presence of the body, antique tragedy on perpetual suffering, the Beckettian repetitive dead-end of existence and portraiture vs. self-portraiture.

Mark Little has composed music, written on art and philosophy and built rockets. He likes 7-Up.

Nura Taefi is a human rights activist. Her hobbies include cooking with halloumi cheese, writing, and oscillating wildly to eighties synth-pop.

Peter Eramian, editor of shoppinghour, a philosophy student at Birkbeck College, he graduated with a BA in Fine Art and History of Art from Goldsmiths in 2007. Peter is currently writing papers on sentimentality, tragedy, beauty and truth. An admirer of the post-post-Pragmatist tradition directed by the late Richard Rorty.

Philip Philippou, an English Literature student at the University of Cyprus. Philip is primarily interested in the debates and discourses of modernist and postmodernist literature. He is most fascinated by the capacity of poetry to communicate beyond the realms of language. His obsessive poetic writings act as explorations of the 'metaphysical' emotional and psychological undiscovered realms of the everyday. He especially loves laughing endlessly at random youtube videos with absolutely no meaning, claiming that they are 'postmodern'.

Sarah Armstrong, a dance student at the Laban Centre in Deptford, southeast London, she was encountered in a pink wig at a dirty public house in New Cross. She has the powers to turn mice to the psychedelic persuasion.

Wirrow, i make illustrations and animations and i like writing stories sometimes. Wirrow recently won the competition for the *don't panic* pack design. (www.wirrow.com)

Yasushi Xavier Tanaka, editor of shoppinghour, student of sociology at Goldsmiths. Likes Hermann Hesse and table football.

Snail

Ancient witness

Patient gardener

Literal trope

Paraplegic angel

Hermetic seal

Prostrate translator

Exacting measurer

Errant design

Obsessive illustrator

Embodied home

Delusional ark

Dialectical tissue

Oracular word

s the turning within

n the sheltering roof

a the inhabitable hollow

i the hermeneutic antenna

l the gliding trace

No writing

Without the snail

No voice

Within.



Giovanni Lorusso, *Tate in Depth*, 2007



Walking from Crofton Road in Camberwell (P&T hq; heatingless house) to Peckham (semi-major travel links, chicken shops and our gallery) was a thrice daily occurrence last year. Noticing as you do strange things I found this caught my eye and started to document what happened.

How did it get there? Was it the same one each day? Would it move? When would it be pulled out and binned? Should I interfere with this?

I took a photo every time I noticed it. (It wasn't becoming a mindnumbing preoccupation, but I would point it out to friends and briefly explain my issue with it.)

What was it that I had with this situation? I didn't really care about it and in fact quickly stopped the photographing and now looking for the series, seem to have lost them, but there was something in this intervention that got me.

It is in the writings of a loose coalition of German thinkers, known as the Frankfurt School, that we can trace the first concerted philosophical and aesthetic attempt to think things. This legacy has been ambiguous: on the one hand, branded by Marx's notion of the commodity fetish, it interpreted the new visual language of "empathy for things" as the affective symptom of a global, 24-7 shopping hour. Fetishized by the occultation of human labor, things glimmer with a supernatural sparkle, not unlike the metallic, reflective tinsel of a discarded Twix wrapper. Capitalism in this sense is a theology of the commodity and the empathy for things its form of banal worship.

But—and this is the second trajectory the Frankfurt school initiated for thought—the empathy for things is simultaneously the form of an antidote to the calcifying forces of capitalist reification, the expression of a redemptive impulse aimed at releasing things from the tyranny of utility, usability, or functionality—in short, capitalist ratio. If commodification pervades the social context that surrounds Coppard's image, the redemptive and transformative dimension of thinking things is what animates it as an aesthetic intervention. Discarded and out of functional context, the banal wrap of a commercial brand of chocolate candy is transformed before our very eyes, its tinsel alchemically transmuted into the gold of an aesthetic value all the more precious for turning up at the wrong place.

For me, these two interlocking dimensions—let me crudely call them socio-historical and aesthetic—of thinking things inundate Coppard's image on other levels as well. The situatedness of the image—its origin in an economically underprivileged neighborhood, around houses without heat—imprints itself in the visual, aesthetic contrast of dilapidated stucco and glimmering tinsel, or the stark antithesis between the reflective surface of the wrap and the dull opacity of the white-painted, protruding pipe. But if the visual vocabulary through which this chance encounter with things takes shape is one profoundly attuned to the conflict between the glittery dreams and the drab realities of capitalist life, it becomes possible to attain a certain curious, heterodox conviction: that the dynamic of capitalist culture provides the means for its own allegorical decoding, and that what one encounters on the level of quotidian chance is nothing less than impromptu allegories of our irreducibly ambivalent relation to things under conditions of capitalist commodification.

Allegories of irreducible ambivalence: This would ultimately be my theoretical recasting of Coppard's seemingly contradictory relation to his photographic subject, his confession that "there was something" in the photographic intervention that "got" him, even while he didn't "really care about it". How could it have been otherwise, when what gripped the attention of his photographic eye was effectively the evasive nature of the capitalist thing as such, its double phenomenological apparition as at once a worthless piece of trash and a priceless scrap from a redeemed and emancipated future?

before i turn forty i will write 'the cambridge companion to lil wayne'
(this is a book review) Audun Mortensen

the slovenian philosopher slavo žižek is a wanker. i recommend him. page 56 and 57 in his book 'violence' (new york: picador, 2008) contain references to sigmund freud, jacques lacan, william butler yeats, gilles deleuze, neil gaiman, andrei tarkovsky, ingmar bergman, østergaard, thor heyerdahl, red hot chili peppers, google, american apparel, paul, 'leaked albums,' gustafmag.blogspot.com, surreal porn novels, h & m accessories, san miguel premium lager, gchat and the young norwegian squirrel photographer.

some academics might think this is a bit 'over the top,' but that's how he rolls, over the top, thinking 'the top is far below me, my natural condition is over the top, i was born over the top, if i drop a coin from my bathroom floor it will take days for it to hit your silly face which is positioned on what common people refer to as the top, the top is constructed by regressive motherfuckers, and i don't give you names like

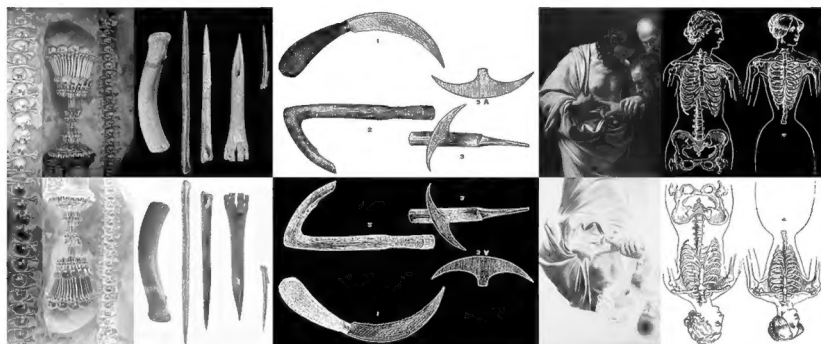
this in order to insult you, i say this as a freudian, i push the top to levels human beings thought unreachable, this is my raison d'être, my picture should be in the dictionary next to the definition of top, or, wait, let me quote lil wayne on this one; 'my picture should be in the dictionary next to the definition of definition.' and yeah, here's one more: 'if that is under a gram then that line ain't mine.'

being loved is both violent and traumatic because it makes you feel the gap between what you are as a determinate being and the unfathomable x in you which causes love, according to žižek. thus he supplements lacan's definition of love 'love is giving something one doesn't have' with '...to someone who doesn't want it.' deleuze's version is unsupplementable though: 'if you're trapped in the dream of the other, you're fucked.' i recommend this book, i'm at the library.

Ribbed for our Pleasure

Luke W Moody

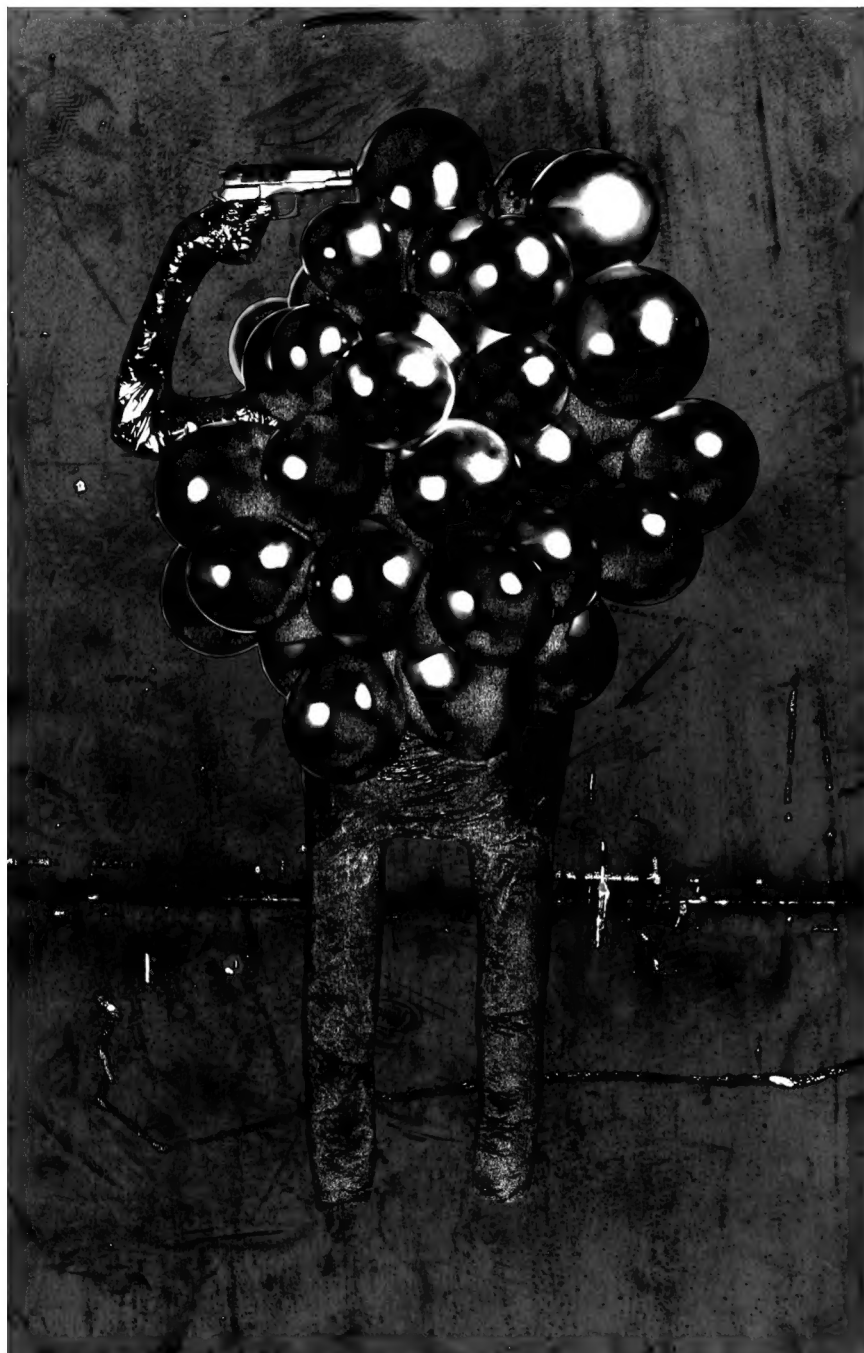
12th century origins of the gothic arch may be correlated to increased awareness of bone physics. Though classification of human bones has been recorded in Britain since the Neolithic construction of long barrows; a room for legs, a room for skulls, a room for ribs. The playful use and understanding of this growing white mechano had rarely advanced in technology since the swing of reindeer antler adze, harpoon or axes.



Breathe in full and you can hold the hollow frame strength, the expanded tightness of a 'French style' support, a ribbed vault or a painted window, imagine the panes in place, cross-sectioning lungs with decorated prods of a doubtful St. Christopher. Breathe out and the building sags, the stomach and nave collapses. From these floored bones we are provided with a toolkit for assemblage as in the carefully arranged skeleton parts of Kutna Hora in Czech Republic. Hold two ribs upright and we have a narrow model of the Gothic arch who allows our freedom to construct in stone to greater heights, greater containers of pleasure through grand vertical achievement.

The pleasure of height offered by our ribbed vaults and arched windows; our condoms of sacred reverie hail those songs of sanctus, sanctus sanctus yet the ribs for her brings only one penultimate scream of ascendance,
oh, my god

The bones don't need extracting to be played with, the sufferance of fashion remains a tight string on our lung cage, a corset on the interior evolution of chalk buildings. Biology and that skirt offer a very human curve on Cartesian architecture, enough to make one sweat with a faintness, short of breath, short of reverie, short of lung. The bone adze dug a trench, ploughed a field for the fertile crescent, for the setting of humans, perhaps it killed them in our wars too. What lay beneath those armpits of civilization? Žižek's voice, perhaps the most appropriate for hissing the answer - the ticklish subject, daughter, the sensitive ribs.



Maciej Urbanek, *Suicide Suspension Machine*, print, 2007

I

A year ago I came across two examples of nobility in the same edition of a newspaper. In one it was said that Jubilani Sibanda, a Zimbabwean politician and former member of Zanu-PF, Mugabe's ruling party, described the 'seizure and redistribution of white-owned farms... as a noble cause exploited by the ruling elite for personal gain at the expense of the peasant families who were supposed to benefit and the country as a whole because food production had fallen sharply.' The other was in a book review: 'Zizek admires Robespierre for his apparent acceptance... that his own condemnation to the guillotine would be a vindication of the perpetual purity of the revolution. Yeah, agreed, that concept's noble: but the tone of Robespierre's speechifying is that of a bully of genius, a charismatic sophist enthralled by the power he had helped to wrest from the ancien régime and claimed to have invested in the people. His business is fear and cruelty without time for thought: terror. It's never good.'

This is too brief a survey to justify the following claim, of course, but in varying degrees these examples support it. Today, the idea of the noble connotes self-sacrifice for an ideal which is nonetheless corrupt, or, at the very least, too prone to exploitation for nefarious purposes. Put another way, it is the benign 'pure' core of value that motivates to those ends which are easily corrupted by the vicissitudes it cannot avoid once it has set out to participate in the ongoing play of acts which constitute social activity; it seals its own terrible fate by virtue of what it is. Which is to say, the noble is now a tragic hero.

Take a step back and one may discern that this is idealism (of the moral variety) vitiated by cynicism. Susan Sontag proclaimed cynicism her enemy: '...pay attention to the world... "Be serious." By which I mean: never be cynical.'

As an aside, irony frequently proves to be no more than a shroud for cynicism. But irony can also be a means of divesting oneself of hubris. Milan Kundera described 'The anti-lyric conversion... a fundamental experience... of the novelist: separated from himself, he suddenly sees that self from a distance, astonished to find that he is not the person he thought he was. After that experience, he will know that nobody is the person he thinks he is, that this misapprehension is universal, elementary, and that it casts on people... the soft gleam of the comical.'

Used well, can irony undermine arrogance (real or apparent) without fostering the cynicism which would undermine the idea of nobility; undermine by re-enforcing its common association with doomed delusions? Were one to afford oneself the possibility (whether by irony or some other route), would the ascription of nobility to oneself, or to one's own cause, be to call on oneself Kundera's soft gleam? (The tragic hero transforms into the comic buffoon: another sort of fall.) Or, could one pick one's way between cynicism and self-sacrifice so deftly that one could prevail, that is, avoid delusions and remain intact? No doubt, silence would play a part...

II

...that longing for an ever-increasing widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, more remote, tenser, more comprehensive states, in short precisely the elevation of the type 'man', the continual 'self-overcoming of man'... ('Beyond Good and Evil', §257).

In Nietzsche's characterization the noble soul longs for ever greater heights. It is the pathos of distance produced by the aristocratic society's 'long scale of orders of rank' that allowed 'that other, more mysterious pathos' to develop, the precondition for the flourishing of the noble soul.

One of Nietzsche's core aims was to liberate morality from transcendence, to give values a worldly source. Georg Simmel identified nobility as the only source Nietzsche found. From nobility, Nietzsche could give an objective and naturalistic account of value. On Simmel's interpretation, nobility is 'a formal conduct which characteristically unites a resolute personality and a lucid objectivity.' The 'hallmark of a noble soul is to treat an opponent's opinion objectively, to argue fairly, and not be drawn into the tempests of subjective passion' ('Schopenhauer and Nietzsche'). Nobility indicates recognition of the individual's objective value. And this is the only value Nietzsche could find which didn't require an excursion into the transcendent.

Since Nietzsche assumed 'life is constituted by the urge to grow intensively and extensively and to become more noble', he 'could view the life-process as one of increasing value.' But because the essence of the values of nobility is objective, the subjective suffering required for their realization in individual life is of no importance. This is a vital point: if the noble character is indifferent to its own suffering, why would it be concerned with the suffering of others, suffering it may be in a position to alleviate, or at the very least mitigate? For Nietzsche this question did not arise, because he saw suffering as inevitable. In fact, he thought pain elevates being. Nietzsche didn't justify nobility through recourse to egoism. Contrary to egoism, he espoused personalism. 'Egoism aspires to have something, personalism to be something.'

The examples I gave at the outset of Part I portrayed the noble in the political context as the opponent of today's aristocracy who is co-opted to the ruler's cause even if they succeed in taking their place. The cynic sees the failure of the ideal as inevitable, one way or another. In one aspect, Nietzsche's philosophy offers a simpler and clearer alternative. Retrospectively, today's concept of the noble seems to have turned his on its head. He saw the noble as the ruler. For him, it didn't oppose aristocracy. Rather, the noble was aristocratic, in its innermost nature. Even if the actual aristocrats of the day failed to measure up, he could always look back a few millennia to find more refined ones, in ancient Greece. And from this he developed a powerful and empowering notion of the personal. Paring away the many embellishments with which the concept has been adorned by aeons of demagoguery, he could give the more informative definition. In 'Beyond Good and Evil' he wrote of the noble soul: 'it prefers to look either *in front*, horizontally and slowly, or down - *it knows it is at a height*.' ('Beyond Good and Evil', §265).

III

Two trains of thought have illuminated the contest between the concepts.

Another way Nietzsche thought the pathos of distance could arise was, I suggest, by being untimely. Edward Said compared timeliness and lateness. '...both in art and in our general ideas about the passage of human life there is assumed to be a general abiding *timeliness*, by which I mean that what is appropriate to early life is not appropriate for later stages, and vice versa' ('On Late Style'). Said had as his subject the notion of a class of artworks characterized by what Adorno termed 'late style'. 'Each of us can readily supply evidence of how it is that late works crown a lifetime of aesthetic endeavor... But what of lateness not as harmony and resolution but as intransigence, difficulty, and unresolved contradiction? ...a nonharmonious, nonserene tension, and above all, a sort of deliberately unproductive productiveness going *against*...' Is late style timely or untimely? For Said, Adorno's philosophy itself was an example of late style.

This is the prerogative of late style: it has the power to render disenchantment and pleasure without resolving the contradiction between them. What holds them in tension, as equal forces straining in opposite directions, is the artist's mature subjectivity, stripped off hubris and pomposity, unashamed either of its fallibility or of the modest assurance it has gained as a result of age and exile. ('On Late Style.')

Dawn breaks with Simone Weil. In 'The Iliad', she found 'scattered here and there throughout the poem, those brief, celestial moments in which man possesses his soul. ... it contains no ambiguities, nothing complicated or turbid; it has no room for anything but courage and love. Sometimes it is in the course of inner deliberations that a man finds his soul: he meets it, like Hector before Troy, as he tries to face destiny on his own terms, without the help of gods or men.' ('The Iliad, or the Poem of Force', in 'War And The Iliad.')

Even the dusk sheds light. Rachel Bepaloff, wrote with wonder of another moment, nobly shared, ' "a scene of starry serenity". Priam from his perch on the ramparts asks Helen to name the Greek heroes in the enemy camp set to besiege Troy. "Here, at the very peak of the Iliad, is one of those pauses, those moments of contemplation, when the spell of Becoming is broken, and the world of action, with all its fury, dips into peace." ' (quoted in 'A Tale of Two Iliads', in 'War And The Iliad.')



As I watched in the night visions, I saw one like a human being coming with the clouds of heaven. And he came to the Ancient One and was presented before him. To him was given dominion and glory and kingship, that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion that shall not pass away, and his kingship is one that shall never be destroyed.

— Daniel 7:13-14, NRSV

“...and the man just sits there
the book in his hands
slipping through his fingers
as if made of water

he” (Un) Truth “in Painting”, “The” (Un) Truth “in Painting”, “The” (Un) Truth “in

the imaginary title
seems to repeat itself
imaginarily across an imaginary infinity
like some kind of imaginary mantra

The man
feels “the abyss” breaking through the book
its darkness, endless as it may seem to be
enfolding everything that the man has come to know
up until this very moment

At last
“the abyss” bursts open and becomes a spiral
a black hole, gargantuan, ravenous like the winds

“The abyss”
has broken through
this is it
this is the time

when”

...and the man just sits there, the book in his hands, slipping through his fingers as if made of water. The man looks at the title once more and winces. “The Truth in Painting”, “The Truth in Painting”, “The Truth in Painting”...the title seems to repeat itself across infinity like some kind of mantra. Damn you, Derrida, the man thinks and, just as the damnation is carried through the myriads of cells going feral in his brain; through currents of acumen generating on the surface of his consciousness like the furious waves of a furious sea; he starts to feel nauseated. I now must stop trying to make sense out of this thing, the man whispers, the book in his hands now held with a kind of restlessness permeating seamlessly through ten fingers; ten lithe needles of flesh; infinitesimal spheres of sweat forming delicately on their almost translucent surface; ten fingers quite unsure of themselves. What kind of name is Derrida anyway, the man adds as if to assure his own self that everything the philosopher (or is it anti-philosopher; or, even, de-philosopher, hence de-construction? “The horror, the horror...” wrote down some decades ago is, indeed, nothing but a subterfuge; labyrinths of language strewn with all the ambiguities that Derrida himself could conceive. The man opens the book once more, trying to push himself more and more to some kind of threshold where everything is sucked in (or out), turns to page 36, and finds Derrida (henceforth “the philosopher”) writing about “the abyss” as if “the philosopher” writes a letter to an acquaintance of his. The man is baffled. What the hell is “the abyss”? “The abyss calls for analogy...but analogy plunges endlessly into the abyss as soon as a certain art is needed to describe analogically the play of analogy”...no full stop. “The philosopher” just leaves it there, a sentence hanging in the midst of “the abyss” itself, open-ended, close-ended, open-closed, close-opened, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera...“The philosopher” makes sure to make us acknowledge that he does know what he is talking about, the man muses and starts to flip through the book.

Flipping through a book by Derrida? To be sure, a blasphemy!

I am a consumer whore, a hypocrite, a failure anarchist and a feminist womanizer. And I am my own worst enemy.

I am on a mission, an anti holy mission for non holy missionaries. A mission to revolt against right or wrong and absolute truths and revolutions. I say lets remove moral and social expected manners and make every individual human become a queen and a slave over their own passions.

I say; lets kill shame and lets revolt against it in every way. Lets break free of captivity and the fear that surrounds us. Lets look our enemies in the eye and admit that we are afraid, but that fear cant hold us back. Lets revolt against hierarchy and domestication. In relationships, at the supermarket, in school, in the court halls, at your parents place, on the dance floor and in your mind.

Call your friend a slut and make him feel proud of it. Call yourself a slut even if you never fucked anyone. Call your mother a slut and tell her that you love her. Why? because We can change the meaning of the word. Because We can show our enemies that words cant control us, that we choose to be who ever we want. I wanna liberate my taboos, like when someone farts in a church. I wanna put a price tag on myself and tell everyone that I am not for sale.

Lets take that right!

Lets Fuck NO-GOes and who ever we want

Lets not live in a one dimensional world

Lets not be self proclaimed martyrs

Lets steal back the glitter shoes, the corporations stole from us

Lets not exchange religion for other religions

Lets be our gender, our color, but give it no importance

Lets normalize the bizarre

And go amok

Some thoughts on buying poetry

Image by Lui Nemeth

Text by Nura Taefti, with
excerpts from: Carol Ann
Duffy "Prayer", Ted Hughes
"Full Moon and Little
Frieda", Roma Potiki

"And my heart goes
swimming".

Stephanie

Bolster

"White Stone".

Pablo Neruda

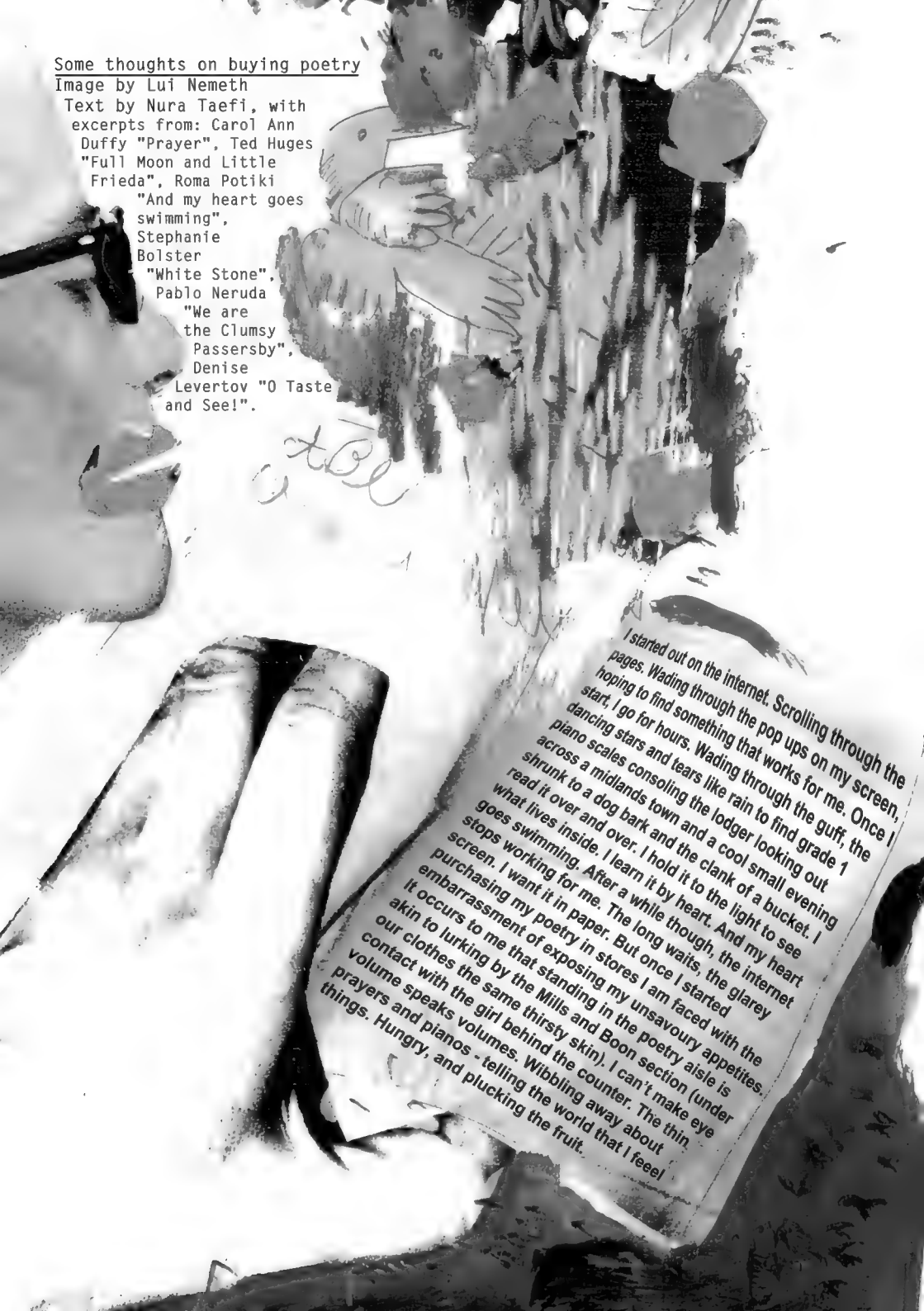
"We are

the Clumsy

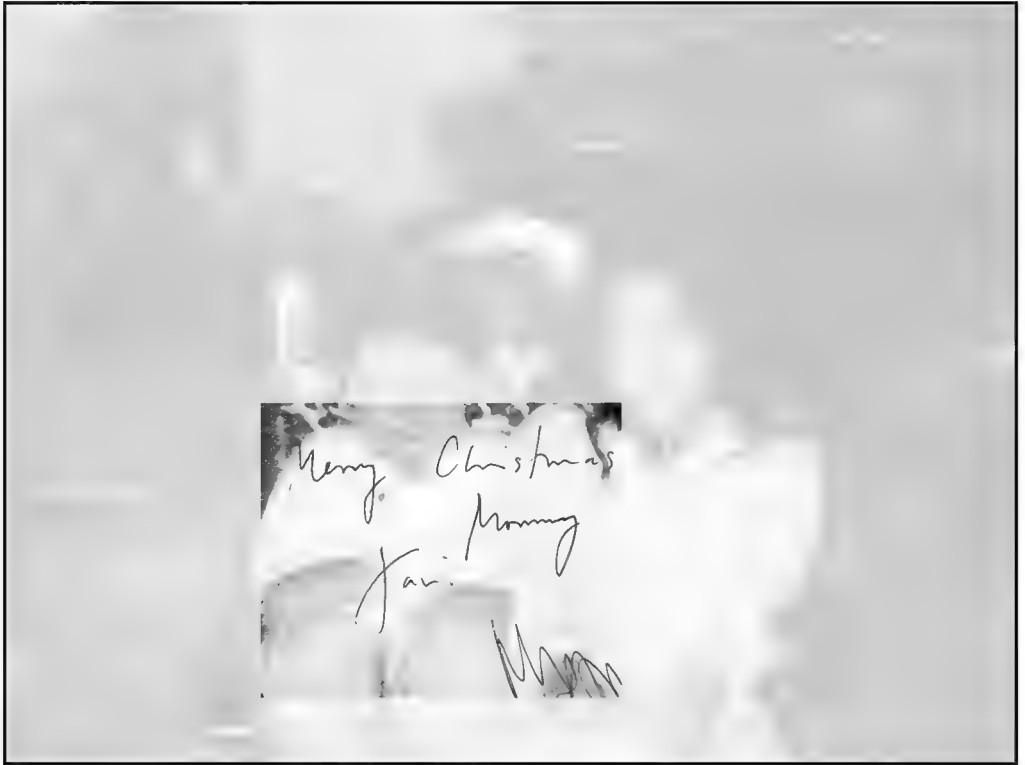
Passersby".

Denise

Levertov "O Taste
and See!".



I started out on the internet. Scrolling through the
pages. Wading through the pop ups on my screen,
hoping to find something that works for me. Once I
start I go for hours. Wading through the guff, the
dancing stars and tears like rain to find grade 1
piano scales consoling the lodger looking out
across a midlands town and a cool small evening
shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a bucket. I
read it over and over. I hold it to the light to see
what lives inside. I learn it by heart. And my heart
goes swimming. After a while though, the internet
stops working for me. But once I started
purchasing my poetry in stores I am faced with the
embarrassment of exposing my unsavoury appetites.
It occurs to me that standing in the poetry aisle is
akin to lurking by the Mills and Boon section (under
our clothes the girl behind the counter. The thin,
volume speaks volumes. Wobbling away about
prayers and pianos - telling the world that I feel
things. Hungry, and plucking the fruit.



Now here, he lies. Predicting, demise. 2611. When accounting's over. You, always watching, your pupil's frightening stillness.

Succinct whim, blissful pain. One last time, gasp, sound of halting.

To numbness lost, humming their spaceless tone to a silent earhole,

for some, endless, single, verse.

Far emotions, drowning in a puddle, sweet residue, often signaled finale, sudden screeching fiddle, cutting right to heart, let he be.

2611, 2610, 2609...array of meaningless numerals, count to my end, his ephemeral object, our non-finite, subject.

All the way to 1914, 1912, 1911, stop. Blistered hands with tickling needles, were you to find, I was never to know, that's all they need, haggard mink, fighting off Cape, in a bottle, ponderous chardonnay, national screaming, down sour throats, eyes wide open, upon that saintly lane.

A long pause. Stop breathing. Patient. Then they chuckled. You can, too. What right, what true.

302. Aggressively walking, intellectually stalking. Each other.

174 to 149, loving like the bleeding halcyon, across, fatigue unwittingly, as the cat.

Thank you.

111, beef/ham, yours truly, always.

167 and 0. Wholly unknown.

Number Eleven

Paper people lost at sea, dancing flatly creased

Sera mbled moon, lunar no more

She is a woman caped in rags

OH blue nightface, you sing midnight

Scrambled eggs.

MOTHER look what you've created

Like wine they stain, red rings

You glare at me with disgust, then spit with light

On my nakedness you pour shadows

The moon is time i hear her chime

Don't walk a way, you do'nt know where your going.

Sailing in Orion, endless waves

Moping bones weeping for lest power

Toads bellies exploding tears that smoke hallucinations

Yet you show no knowlagde of a smile

You still long for clarity?

She strips the infinite like he is God

You are only a syllable in my dream

Swallow me whole. Up down,

Tar, your blood is Black

Lea ve me alone sailor, open your jeweled eyes

Exposed you melt. Seeping

closed walls viewed by scratched eyes

Up down





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Look out for shoppinghour 04:
the Hey Kid! issue